classics and a sthetic bindings has his of my own books," he ended. workshop.

The elevator boy's comment is upon the bimonthly tea, which is one of the novel features of the publisher's undertaking. borrowing is cheaper and easier?" Educated in Oxford and having made a beginning in London, this "business" tea s one of his imported ideas. In London the 5 o'clock tea is a regular part of the routine of many business offices.

A man in New York, when he has a busithey take a drink and matters are settled off work at 4 in the afternoon and there

THE NEW YORK POET.

In London the process is the same, only

alcohol comes to an agreement with com-

the publisher had both in mind when he

Green tea only is served and the sand-

so that no one's sense of harmony will be

disturbed by the interference of an outside

In London the publisher's tea followed

peaceably in the lines designed for it. There

the visitors came, admired the books,

passepartout and mats of grayish green.

inkwells.

publisher, doggedly.

it affects the time also."

and wafers? It's preposterous!"

favorite mixtures mixed.

"It's real nice, ain't it?" said the elevator ! stage; they would rather go to a vaudeville boy as he hoisted an anxious guest to the show and see a cinematographic representafifth story of a well known building in Fifth | tion of London and Paris than run the risk avenue, where a publisher with a new of exposure and seasickness in getting scheme for educating the public taste in there. I know them like a book-like one

"And you really believe that you have a self-imposed mission to educate your friends in the gentle art of buying books-when

"I do," responded the publisher with the enthusiasm which marks the man who doesn't know failure when it steps on his

"We take life altogether too seriously over here-every one will tell you that. ness proposal to discuss with another, puts | We work too hard and we play too hard. on his hat and they go across the street: If every business house in the city knocked



the size of a packing box; but if you could see the circulars he sends out broadcast you would think he owned a skyscraper and needed it for his affairs. I'd love to

of his society friends. It's a great respon-sibility to start a fashion. You may end in wrecking more business ventures than you wet of."

The feminine friend to whom the matter

The feminine friend to whom the matter was broached was more enthusiastic. Next to going to dinner at a bachelor's apartments she admitted that life offered no greater joy than to visit a business house when the linen dusters were off the pictures and chandeliers.

"May I pour the tea?" she asked. "I only poured it down four sleeves last time. I'm really improving. You know the great excitement in Paris is to see how near you can come to being run over and escape. Well, to really enjoy a 5 o'clock tea you must be a pourer and see how near you can come to putting the tea down the sleeve. can come to putting the tea down the sleeve. You've no idea how excited you get. "And, of course, you have loads of dishes and one of those cute little samovars. Then

do have a Jap to wait on people and be sure the water is hot. If there is anything that is perfectly inexcusable it is lukewarm tea. Give me lukewarm love if it is the best you have, but my tea must be hot. I voice the feminine need."

The publisher looked dazed. He seemed

to have imagined that ready made and served tea came up through the trapdoor at afternoon functions. A man has been known to eat sweetbread pâtés at an establishment where there is only one maid and to say nothing about them to his hostess.

"Plenty of dishes" he muttered "and a "Plenty of dishes," he muttered, "and a Jap and hot water. Why, I suppose you do have to furnish those things. I never thought." thought.

"What did you do in London?" "What did you do in London?"
"Oh, in London, it is such an old established custom. It goes with the office, you know; that is, the janitor is expected to serve tea as part of his duties. You pay him 1s. 6d. for the tea and muffins, or bis-

"Splendid idea! I can see it. He would come up in his shirt sleeves, of course, without a collar, but with a big black stud to emphasize its absence. He would smoke a pipe, and you could see the marks of his thumbs on the dishes. You might watch him, if he was in a happy mood, sit down and entertain your guests. You do have such practical ideas. Now, if it was beer!"

"Beer?" with a shudder of disgust.

"Yes; he'd know how to serve that. I gave a bottle of beer to my janitor yesterday; it had been left over from a Welsh rabbit function. He said, as he took it:

"You don't like beer? Well, ain't yer the lucky one?' If you have janitor service, you must have beer."

"Cut it out. What can I do?"

It was discovered that a well known tea room furnishes everything for business

room furnishes everything for business teas—dishes, maid, oil stove to keep the water hot, flowers and sandwiches of every variety at a moderate sum—so moderate that there is little advantage in exposing one's fine china to damage if one be a house-keeper, or cutting one's hands and losing one's temper making sandwiches.



"I agree with my old guv that long haired men and short haired wimmin argers something wrong somewheres."

"He took five girls out to the elevator—one at a time, of cois, idjit—and squeezed their hands. I saw 'im. He's a 'artless croquette if he does get out them swell first editions."

The policeman has not been entirely oblivious to the invasion of this new fashion on his beat. He thus directs

"You don't want So and So," repeating

COMPLAINTS THAT SLANG IS

USED TO EXCESS.

"nutty," you know."

your hat; must you go?'

get mixed up."

plained that both words meant silly. She

afterward explained with some conde-

scension, I thought, that 'Bats in the belfry,'

Talking through your hat, 'Wheels in your

head,' 'Chinks,' 'Oh, dope' and 'Don't queer

yourself' are all used to express doubt of

statement or of the speaker's mental con-

dition, and I also learned that to show

marked disbelief one need only say, 'Here's

"When I thanked her she said gayly, 'Don't

try to use those words yet, grandma, or

"We had a house party over Thanksgiv-

ing," laughed another matron with gray

I climb into my evening clothes?' was the

answer I got.
"At the dinner table one night two of

the men exchanged a remark that showed

hair, "and I wish you had been with us

been hurried along considerably.

"'She's a slick piece of furniture,'



them restive before, is now welcomed in the true holiday spirit.

The elevator boy at first took every woman who entered the building at that holy hour right to the fifth floor and landed her in front of the hospitable door. "It's in there," he explained to the woman who had come to invest instocks at her broker's private office, to the spinster book agent or the bride who was going to order a new suit for husband on the third floor; and before they could reply he would shoot down hastily to be ready for the next invasion.

Experience has done its work since, and now he greets each new feminine arrival with the question, "Are you invited to the tea?" If a negative reply is received, his condescension is amazing. He and the office boy dine like hungry bees on the buffet supply when the maid's back is turned; if she returns suddenly they are always feeding the stove with oil rather than themselves with pepper sandwiches and are hurt at her attitude of disbelief. Through the week, stray comments on the Saturday, before function are exchanged.

The number she had given him, "you want so and So." naming another further up the block. "You're going to Mr. B—'s tea, ani't yer? Of course you are."

How did you know?"

"Well, I ain't been answering questions of the ladies every Saturday afternoon for nothing. It's on the fifth floor, from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock every other week, you know." And the policeman passes on.

The sceptical friend has appeared at every one of the teas and has sat, surrounded by a throng of admiring young women, while he tells them dog stories. He has more dog stories than the popular magazine and they are just as true to nature. The publisher on his arrival every afternoon thrusts his latest book into his hand and says: "Talk about it to them; they'll listen to you."

As a 5 o'clock tea man the friend is invaluable. Even if he doesn't talk shop he has an unlimited supply of dog talk, which is better, and when tea is poured on his new clothes he simply remarks. "The

them restive before, is now welcomed in the true holiday spirit.

The elevator boy at first took every woman who entered the building at that holy hour right to the fifth floor and landed her in front of the hospitable door. "It's in these "ho evaluated to the woman who in the "hospitable door." "Well, I ain't been answering questions of the holding of the holding

THE LONDON POET.

story.
"You see," said the publisher to the lioness, whom he had managed to corner for a moment, "shop talk on books is the only kind of shop talk that the general public will stand. A man can't talk elec-tricity or the manufacture of emery or tariff for revenue only to a woman whom he meets casually; but if a man is in the book business he can talk it all the time and he is sure never to hore people——

and he is sure never to hore people——"
The lioners is looking at a lion whose roar has drowned hers and has not heard a word. She is wondering what the lion is saying. It is as well she doesn't hear, for the remark is:

"You don't mean to say that she posed for Marie Antoinette? It must have been after the guillotine act."

A celebrated Socialist whose chief claw on fame is due to the fact that he has written a widely distributed reamphlet on the best

a widely distributed pamphlet on the best methods of distributing other men's wealth

methods of distributing other men's wealth is held up by a curious young woman.

"Tell me." she says, "just how you became an Anarchist. I simply adore Anarchists."

A tall broad shouldered golf man enters. Like the rest he ignores the first editions, the prints, the shop paraphernalia. He slaps the publisher on the shoulder.

"Great place, old man. When I came in and saw a picture of dear old Fitz facing me I said, 'He's all right. If he does publish books, everybody has his faults.'

"Fitz?"

"Yes: Fitzsimmons. Don't you know your own portrait show?" And he points to a large poster of Eugene Field.



you heard-

"Just a puff of powder.
Just a dab of paint.
Makes the great big freekles,
Look as If they ain't"

The publisher admitted, when asked point blank the other day, that the 5 o'clock tea has not been prolific of results from a commercial aspect, "But Rome was not built in a day," he added.

THE TALK OF GOOD SOCIETY. know, which was the translation, I found, of his first speech."
"On the way to Tuxedo last week," said

the hostess, entering the discussion, "there was a gay and very talkative party just opposite us in the parlor car.

"Miss Smith is invited," said one of the ladies.
"'She's my rave,' exclaimed a young

adies.

"'Yes,' supplemented another. 'When it comes to making love to that girl Bob don't sit down. He hogobbles [appropiates] her on all occasions.

"'Oh, come out of the tail grass,' was the other's good natured rejoinder, which my husband said meant the same as 'Oh, come off,' or 'Stop your jollying.

"'Do you really admire Miss Smith so much?' curiously persisted the lady.
"'Sure,' answered Bob.
"'That's a black eye for you, Kitty,' laughed the other man, who, in an aside, told Bob that Kitty was down on Miss Smith. Then he went on, tantalizingly: 'You ought to see Bob rubber for Miss Smith at all the dancing classes.

"'Rats!' cried Bob. 'Run dry, will you!'
"I was inclined to be disgusted, for I haven't lived in New York very long, but my husband, as we got off the train, whispered in my ear:
"'Miss Smith is a very swagger girl,

about. I suppose I am very old-fashioned, for I find often that I really need a key to the conversation of the younger members pered in my ear:

"Miss Smith is a very swagger girl, and her father has a cinch with a big rail-

of society.
"Now, for instance, the other day my and her father has a cinch with a big fairroad corporation."

"After that I concluded I could not afford
to criticise other people."

"Up to a certain point I don't mind slang
at all—in fact, I rather like it." frankly confessed a woman who is worth millions in
her own right, "but I am afraid we are granddaughter said to me confidentially, I really think Miss Dash is getting dotty and at my look of inquiry she added "Of course I didn't know until she ex-

beginning to borrow from the Bowery; and that I do object to. "The other night, for instance, at a dance I heard that charming Miss Dash say to

young man:
"'Come, let us go to the buffet and feed our faces. "I am told that phrase originated in a

CHICKEN GONE: 3 OWNERS OUT. How Many Chickens Were There?-An Indianapolis Puzzle.

you will fall down,' meaning that I might Indianapolis, Dec. 3.-William Cannan won a chicken at a raffle in a saloon and took t home and turned it loose with the other fowls. The next day his son and namesake, 16 years old, needed money and got perthink your education in slang might have mission from his mother to sell a chicken. Seeing a Buff Cochin in the yard and not my son say to a chum and I found he was talking of a girl friend. "Yes," was the answer, 'and Jones has knowing that his father had won it at the raffle, he pounced upon it and sold it to a neighbor. Sigmund Schoen, a neighbor, got quite bally over her.

"Oh, Jones always gets onto every peach, returned my son. When it comes to mashing he thinks he is the whole push." missed one of his chickens, and learning that young Cannan had sold one he sought the purchaser and identified the fowl "Boys, I interjected, you will be late for dinner." "Just hold it off, mother, will you, till

The police were called, but after hearing all the stories were unwilling to arrest young Cannan, and an investigation was made. The saloonkeeper in whose place the raffle had occurred said it was a Buff

made. The saloonkeeper in whose place the raffle had occurred said it was a Buff Cochin that the elder Cannan won, but he would not swear that the chicken in the hands of the officers was the one he raffled. Mrs. Cannan said that she had eight chickens before her husband brought the Buff Cochin home, and she had eight after William had sold one. The elder Cannan said he thought they had nine, and, if that were true, William must have sold two.

The saloonkeeper said he bought the chicken that was raffled from a man who lives in a blue house half a mile down the Madison road, and off the party started to interrogate the seller. They could not find a blue house, but they saw a house painted green and made for that, one of the cops remarking that the saloonkeeper must be color blind, as no one would be fool enough to paint a house blue. There were Buff Cochins in the yard, but the owner, while admitting that he had sold a chicken to the

answer I got.

"At the dimer table one night two of the men exchanged a remark that showed the men exchanged a remark that showed to the men exchanged a remark that showed to meet the raffle had occurred said it was a flow once there were crise of 'Make me next that the chicken in the domestic that the chicken in the content of the co

JAGLESS BOOZE. The Merits of a New Cup, Which Cheers, but Does Not Inebriate.

From the Chicago Tribune.

A beverage has been found that threatens to take the place of beer among the hard working classes and to do away with tea coffee and other brain stimulants used by students, brain workers, nurses and other persons who are required to remain alert

and active during long periods.

This beverage is highly stimulating, nonalcoholic, non-intoxicating and a nerve builder and nerve strengthener, instead of a destroyer, as is the case with tea, alcohol and coffee. It has already been introduced into

"Yerbe mate," or simply "mate," is the name of this wonderful drink, and it has been used in one of its forms for some time in Paraguay and Argentina. The beverage is brewed from the dried leaves of the flex. and can be prepared and sold in bottles to suit the particular taste of the consumer, or made at home, like tea or coffee.

Mate can be prepared by making a strong or weak infusion of the leaves of the ilex after the customary fashion of making tea. In Argentina and Paraguay it is the sole stay of the hard working man, who likes it so well that he takes no breakfast until noon, sup-porting himself with a small draught now and then from his mate bottle. He can work by the stimulating and refreshing power of is a negro. Alma's mother is white. The he infusion.

Mate can be drunk hot or cold, it can be aken with cream and sugar, like tea or coffee, and it can be used "straight," which seems by far the best way of drinking it. Plain mate is quite bitter, and, like beer, it is an acquired taste. The first sip gives a dis-tinctly bitter taste, and the drinker sets down his glass with a wry face. Presently, as soon as the bitter effect wears off, the imbiber has a pleasant recollection of the sensation. By this time the powerful stimulating property of the drink has begun to work and the drinker feels like taking another Mate makes the user of it "feel good. makes him look with a brighter eye dark side of life, makes him forget his troubles for the moment, and, best of all, unlike beer it makes him feel like working or doing something with his brain or his hands instead of

loafing or gossiping.
Chemists who have carefully analyzed nate say that it is perfectly harmless. It has only the smallest percentage of caffeine and volatile oils, and it never leaves a bad sumption of mate is not followed by unpleasachild might cost her her life.

ant feelings. there is no need of stimulation. Like the alcohol drinker, he takes the beverage "for its effect." Sometimes he gets to be a regular mate drunkard, but, wenderful to say, this beneficent drug has no sting, its only

ALMA GREASON, PRISON CHILD

A STORY UNUSUAL, EVEN IN CRIMINAL HISTORY.

Her Mother and Reputed Father to Be Hanged for Killing the Former's Husband-The One White, the Other & Negro-Child's Color Decided Fate. READING, Pa., Dec. 5 .- Alma Greason is

a child with a strange history. She has never been outside of prison walls. She is 215 years old, and her mother and her reputed father are in now the same juil under sentence of death. Alma is dark skinned, bright and attrac-

ive and she speaks two languages-English o the prison visitors and the Pennsylvania Jerman dialect to her mother. Being a pet of the jail, the child is daintily

dressed and has the run of the prison. She spends an hour downstairs with the warden's family and the next hour up on the second tier of cells with the death watch in charge of her convicted mother.

In all her jail liberty she is never permitted to see Samuel Greason, her reputed hard all day long on this one meal, reinforced | father, in another part of the jail. Greason murder of which the two were convicted was that of the woman's husband.

The story of this prison child's life is unusual, even in criminal history. Her complexion at birth was to determine the life or death of her mother.

John Edwards, the husband of the woman. was a white laborer in the quarries of Stouchburg. Being out of work and shiftless, he failed to support his wife, Kate, and their children. Greason, also a laborer. had money. When he saw Mrs. Edwards's children going barefoot in winter he provided money for their needs. In this way their mother came to have kindly feelings toward him.

Edwards's suspicions were finally aroused. He accused his wife of having been unfaithful and declared that if the child soon to be

born was black he would murder her. Now Mrs. Edwards is a dark skinned woman. It was evident, therefore, that after effect. Even when the drinker has a disordered stomach or bad nerves the con- well founded or not, the complexion of the

when the mate habit is acquired the drinker in July, 1901, there was a party at the Edis apt to indulge himself freely, even when wards home. Edwards drank a great deal of beer. The next day his body was found in the eistern near the house. He had been struck on the head with some blunt instrument while sleeping on the porch after the party.

Mrs. Edwards told a variety of stories about his death and finally she accused Greason of being concerned in it. Both were convicted of murder in the first de-

gree. The child was born in prison. As has been said, she has a dark skin, and they

christened her Alma Greason. Her reputed father has never seen her. Thrice Greason has been reprieved. Churches, Sunday schools and cakewalks have raised money to pay his lawyers to save him from the gallows. He declares that he was not at the Edwards home on the night of Edwards's murder.

He says he does not know who killed him, but the theory of his friends is that the wife and her eldest daughter alone know the true story of the death of Edwards. It is generally believed that Edwards was murdered because it was feared that the child would be black and that he would

child would be black and that he would carry out his threat to kill his wife.

And while Greason and Mrs. Edwards are growing fat in the shadow of the scaffold the little child is joyously prattling about the prison corridors by day and sleeping in the bosom of her mother by alebt in a cell. Some say the child will grow up in the j ail and never leave it. If the love that is shown for Alma continues developing, it will be very hard to part with the that is shown for Alma continues develop-ing, it will be very hard to part with the

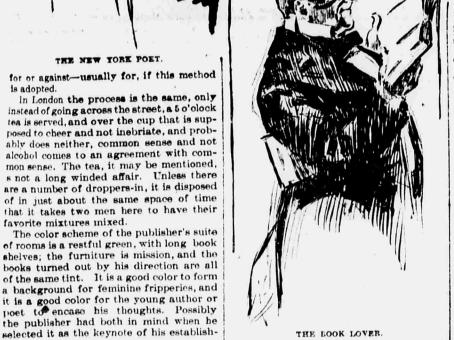
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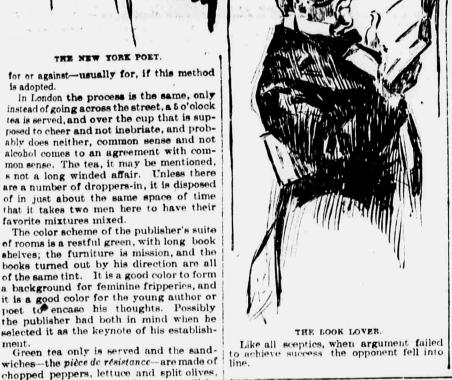


was tea served or something like that along Wall Street we wouldn't be a nation gray before our time. It isn't only beautiful classics I have to show the world, it is









People of the Older Generation Who Can't Understand What the Young People Are Saying-Drafts Made by Fifth Avenue Upon the Bowery-Samples. cuit, and 6d. extra for little cakes or tarts. He keeps the service and you simply notify It has been suggested lately that a primer He keeps the service and you simply notify him how many cups you want; there is never any trouble, it is always ready on time and scrupulously served, in the regular English way, everything steaming and the crumpets hot and buttered. My, but they're good. How'd it do to have the janitor serve it here? We could explain it to him. I suppose janitors are much the same all the world over."

"Splendid idea! I can see it. He would come up in his shirt sleeves, of course, withof slang is needed by persons wishing to get along in good society. Certainly the use of slang has increased greatly in the Fifth avenue world. Said a stately old lady the other day, apropos of some admiring comments which followed the departure from the room of a vivacious young matron: "I should enjoy her more, I think, if I always understood what she was talking

The attitude of the elevator and office boys is one of the interesting features of the function. To them it is a week end event. Saturday afternoon, which held

So the publisher's teas are already an established practice, and there are rumors that other publishing houses are to follow

which he had not stroked before that day, "is to teach the public under the guise of giving them entertainment. It is the only way the New York public can be reached. They won't give anything in charity newadays unless they can go to the Waldoff and pay to get in and then take shares in something that there isn't the slightest chance of getting; they won't trouble to find out whether Joan of Arc or Mary Queen of Scots had the hot steak or the cold chop unless they get some encerprising manager to star "hem on the

talked in low tones of the respective merits of Rossetti and Arthur Symonds and stood in long rows, backs to the room, while they gazed at the prints and etchings ranged along the walls, all carefully bound in "It won't do at all," said some of the publisher's masculine friends when they heard of the innovation he proposed to introduce here. "You know you are living in New York, and in a strenuous age. People will simply laugh at the idea of mixing feminine fripperies with first editions and t went all right in London," said the "Of course it went all right in London," was the irritated answer. "Men go down to business there in 'toppers' and long coats; they have time to ride on the top of buses, and ten o'clock in the morning is the beginning of the business day. I suppose their hours are longer or something. I know they have a gulf stream or trade winds that affect the temperature; possibly "You don't think it would go here? You don't think it is a clever device for bringing the public closer in relation to one's THE LIONESS OF THE OCCASION "What can I do to help the good cause along?" he inquired, with the meekness of the small lion facing Daniel in the den.
"It's up to you to trot the dames around and show them the books, tell them that "Public nothing! Do you think the Stock Exchange would affect the rise and fall of stocks by bringing the brokers' wives and sweethearts down there to tea and they are the cheapest thing in the market, that no house is complete without them. biscuit every afternoon? Do you imagine a department store would do better business call their attention to the pictures and talk a lot about the beautiful soul. The women of to-day think altogether too much of their clothes and too little of beautiif it stopped selling goods at half after four in the afternoon and shelled out cocoa "My idea," said the publisher dreamily, ful thoughts. Speak to them of the advantages of culturine. I intend to make a success of this publishing business if I as he stroked the side of his mustache which he had not stroked before that day,

es broadcast?"
was the laconic